

John Johnson.

THE CIRCULAR.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—*Daniel xii. 4.*

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. III.

WILMINGTON, Del. FRIDAY, October 22, 1824.

NO. 25.

VARIOUS.

ADDRESS TO GEN. LAFAYETTE

IN WILMINGTON.

The following Address was delivered to Gen. LAFAYETTE on Wednesday the 6th of October, in this Borough, by J. G. BRISCKLE, Grand Master.

"SIR AND BROTHER,

The pleasing duty has devolved on me of presenting to you the congratulations of the Grand Lodge of Delaware, on your arrival within the masonic jurisdiction.

In common with others, we as citizens are animated by the most lively sentiments of affection and gratitude towards you. We cannot forget that surrounded by the endearments of your family and the blandishments of society, with a fortune which enabled you to enjoy at home all the pleasures to which youth could give a zest—that born in a foreign land—separated from us by 3000 miles of ocean and bound to us by no ties save those which impel the good to interpose between the oppressor and the oppressed, you came to our aid through dangers and difficulties—that you entered our little army without rank—that you risked your life—that you shed your blood in our battles—and in short, that you identified your feelings with those of an American and a patriot. And we know that the high character which you then earned has never been forfeited.

After a long absence you have again visited our shores, and you are saluted by the joyous greetings of ten millions of people rendered more free and more happy by the result of the contest in which you bore so conspicuous a part, than any other people beneath the canopy of Heaven. These greetings are the spontaneous workings of delightful hearts. There breathes not an American who does not honor the name of La Fayette.

When we look around into the world and view the situation of our brethren in other countries, the conviction is irresistibly forced upon us that as masons we owe you a further debt of gratitude.

An attempt is made in the North of Europe to render our society disreputable by making a connexion with it a disqualification to hold any public office—in the South our brethren are prohibited from assembling under the penalty of suffering the punishment of traitors—almost every where on the continent we are proscribed—and even in Ireland our lodges are, in effect, closed by the arm of government.

One would think that the hosts of worthy men who have in all ages belonged to our society, would sufficiently attest the purity of its principles and demonstrate that, whatever they might be, the institutions of freemasonry inculcate nothing which can demoralize its disciples or disturb the peace and harmony of society. But the rulers of governments not based on the affection of their subjects, start at passing shadows.

In the United States we are more fortunate. Your arm has helped to build up a government which has nothing to fear from the people over whom it extends, and therefore need not prohibit whatever the prying eyes of blind spies and informers cannot gaze upon.

Here in extending the pale of our society and practising the sacred tenets and injunctions of our order we have nothing to contend with but the prejudices of the ignorant. To such we could formerly declare, the great and good Washington was a mason—we can now point to La Fayette and proudly say the, man "without shame and above reproach" is a brother, and the recent progress he has made in our mysteries affords ample proof that he feels a respect for our institutions and is not indifferent to our prosperity.

We fervently pray that the Supreme Architect may have you both here and hereafter in his holy care and keeping."

General La Fayette in answer to the address, expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet his masonic brethren of Delaware, and the affectionate attachment he felt to the fraternity. He said freemasonry was distinguished for the enlightened liberality of its principles : It inculcated unlimited tol-

eration of religious opinions ; and although as a society, masons did not interfere with politics, they considered every member as a brother and as standing upon the same natural level : Freemasonry in these respects favors liberty and equality, the foes of tyrants ; be not therefore surprised that they should proscribe and persecute you.

In noticing General Lafayette's entrance into the city of Philadelphia, the Democratic Press makes the following remarks :

No part of this highly interesting ceremony was so affecting as the introduction of some members of the Cincinnati. Sometimes when the name was announced, we could hear "Ah, my dear Companion!" and mark a peculiar grasp of the hand. One gentleman, in a broad brimmed hat and plain clothes, who had been a Colonel of Artillery at the battle of Trenton, took the General more than once in his arms, and burst into tears—we could hear the words, "It is seven and forty years since I saw you"—"I am happy, very happy,"—and other broken sentences were heard, and the Colonel, with his eyes swimming in tears, left the room.

From the N. Y. Telescope, of Oct. 2, 1824.

A Lost Child.—Lost from the corner of Amos and Washington-streets, opposite the State Prison, on the 29th of August, 1822, a child, by name, Susan Allen, aged between seven and eight years. She had on when missing, a blue gingham frock, black morocco shoes, and a blue striped calico sun-bonnet. She had a blister under one of her ears, over which was a piece of red flannel. Whoever will give information of the child at the office of the Telescope, or restore her, shall receive a reward of one hundred dollars. REBECCA ALLEN.

My dear Reader.—My object in inserting this advertisement in the Telescope, is, that it may some day prove the happy instrument of finding my beloved child ; or that she may, if living, when I am no more, find friends to protect her—but if not, may the Lord receive her soul into his heavenly kingdom. Oh ! Oh that I might be so happy as to meet her once more this side of eternity if alive ; but if not, may the dispensation be sanctified, and may I meet her in the arms of Jesus, where we shall ever enjoy the smiles of his adorable countenance.

Who can realize the anguish of an almost broken heart ? Had you, oh ! reader, but one child on whom your affections were placed, and should it disappear as it were in a moment, without knowing how, what would be your sensations ? Would you not need something more to support you than this world can afford. This child was endeared to me by many ties—her affection was very remarkable. At one time I was seized with an acute inflammation in my stomach when she was about six years old ; her sensibility was uncommon. Although the violence of the disease had somewhat abated, yet my tender-hearted daughter did not close her eyes until midnight. "My dear mother," she said, "I feel as if I was crying all the time for fear you will die, and then what shall I do?"—her grief forbade her saying more. My feelings at this time were indescribable. She would often ask if I should not feel lonesome if she were to die and leave me. Who would you give my clothes to ? Would you not give them to some of my poor cousins ? In return, I asked her what she would do if I should die. Immediately her eyes were bathed in tears, her heart was overwhelmed with grief. "Mother who would take care of me—would not the Lord if I am a good child?" Oh, how fresh in my recollection are these and similar expressions—Shall I never more hear her charming voice, or see her lovely face. She frequently sung the hymn beginning with these words :—

When I can read my title clear, &c.
She also took great delight in singing the one beginning with the following words :—
Oh, happy souls, how fast you go, &c.
Should this sketch be heard by my dear child, or meet the eye of her protector, surely it will be the means, (under God,) of restoring her to her bereaved and afflicted mother.

R. A.

N. B. Editors of other papers will confer particular favor by inserting the above.

RELIGIOUS.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT'S LAST ADVICE TO HIS PUPILS.

During his last sickness, he composed a sermon from Psalm xiv, 17, 18, 19, "Unless the Lord had been my help my soul had almost dwelt in silence," &c. intending if his health should be restored, to state to his pupils the feelings of his soul in view of death. At the end of twelve weeks, his disease assumed a more favorable appearance, and he was able to preach in the Chapel. The following truths, on the true character of worldly good, are from the conclusion of the sermon, and are published in his Life.

"To him who stands on the brink of the grave and the verge of eternity, who retains the full possession of his reason, and who at the same time is disposed to serious contemplation, all these things become mightily changed in their appearance. To the eye of such a man, their former alluring aspect vanishes, and they are seen in a new and far different light.

"Like others of our race, I have relished several of these things, with at least the common attachment. Particularly, I have coveted reputation, and influence, to a degree which I am unable to justify. Nor have I been insensible to other earthly gratifications ; either to such, as, when enjoyed with moderation, are innocent ; or, such as cannot be pursued without sin.

"But in the circumstances to which I have referred, all these things were vanishing from my sight. Had they been really valuable in any supposable degree, their value was gone. They could not relieve me from pain ; they could not restore me to health ; they could not prolong my life ; they could promise me no good in the life to come. What then were these things to me ?

"A person, circumstanced in the manner, which has been specified, must necessarily regard these objects, however harmless, or even useful, they may be supposed in their nature, as having been hostile to his peace, and pernicious to his well-being. In all his attachment to them, in all his pursuit of them, it is impossible for him to fail of perceiving, that he forgot the interests of his soul, and the commands of his Maker ; became regardless of his duty, and his salvation ; and hazarded for dross and dirt, the future enjoyment of a glorious immortality. It is impossible not to perceive, that in the most unlimited possession of them, the soul would have been beggared, and undone ; that the gold of the world would not have made him rich ; nor its esteem honorable ; nor its favor happy. For this end he will discover, that nothing will suffice but treasure laid up in heaven ; the loving-kindness of God ; and the blessings of life eternal.

"Let me exhort you, my young friends, now engaged in the ardent pursuit of worldly enjoyments, to believe, that you will one day see them in the very light in which they have been seen by me. The attachment to them which you so strongly feel, is unfounded, vain, full of danger, and fraught with ruin. There, should you retain your reason, they will appear as they really are. They will then be seen to have two totally opposite faces. Of these you have hitherto seen but one. That gay, beautiful, and alluring as it now appears, will then be hidden from your sight ; and another which you have not seen, deformed, odious, and dreadful, will stare you in the face, and fill you with amazement, and bitterness. No longer pretended friends, and real flatterers ; they will unmask themselves ; and appear only as tempters, deceivers, and enemies, who stood between you and heaven ; persuaded you to forsake your God ; and cheated you out of eternal life."

"But no acts of obedience will then appear to you to have merited, in any sense, acceptance with God. In this view, those acts of my life concerning which I entertained the best hopes, which I was permit-

ted to entertain, those, which to me appeared the least exceptionable ; were nothing, and less than nothing. The mercy of God as exercised towards our lost race, through the all-sufficient and glorious righteousness of the Redeemer, yielded to me the only foundation of hope for good beyond the grave. During the long continuation of my disease, as I was always, except when in paroxysm of suffering, in circumstances entirely fitted for solemn contemplation ; I had ample opportunity to survey this most interesting of all subjects on every side. As the result of all my investigations, let me assure you, and that from the neighborhood of the Eternal World, *Confidence in the Righteousness of Christ*, is the only foundation furnished by earth, or heaven, upon which, when you are about to leave this world, you can safely, or willingly, rest the everlasting life of your souls. To trust upon any thing else, will be *to feed upon the wind, and sup up the East wind*. You will then be at the door of eternity ; will be just ready to give up your account of the *deeds done in the body* ; will be preparing to hear the final sentence of acquittal or condemnation ; and will stand at the gate of Heaven or Hell. In these amazing circumstances you will infinitely need ; let me persuade you to believe, and to feel, that you will infinitely need, a firm foundation on which you may stand, and from which you will never be removed. There is no other such foundation, but the *Rock of Ages*. Then you will believe, then you will feel, that there is no other. The world, stable as it now seems, will then be sliding away from under your feet. All earthly things on which you have so confidently reposed, will recede and vanish. To what will you then betake yourselves for safety?"

MR. WHITEFIELD.

Mr. Whitefield was one day preaching in Boston on the wonders of creation, providence and redemption, when a violent tempest of thunder and lightning arose. In the midst of the sermon it had attained to such a tremendous pitch of wild uproar, that the congregation sat in almost breathless awe. The Doctor closed his note-book, and stepping into one of the wings of the desk, fell on his knees, and with much feeling and fine taste repeated,

"Hark !—the ETERNAL rends the sky !
A mighty voice before him goes !
A voice of music to his friends,
But—threat'ning thunder to his foes !
Come children to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease."

"Let us devoutly sing to the praise and glory of God the 7th Hymn : Old Hundred."

The whole congregation instantly arose, and poured forth the sacred song, in which they were nobly seconded by the scientific and respected Mr. —, on the full organ, in a style of pious grandeur, and heartfelt devotion that was never surpassed. By the time the hymn was finished, the storm was hushed ; and the sun bursting forth, showed through the windows to the enraptured assembly, a magnificent and brilliant arch of peace. The preacher resumed the desk, and his discourse, with this apposite quotation ;

"Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it ; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof !

"It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle ; and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

The remainder of the services were well calculated to sustain that elevated feeling which had been produced ; and the benediction, with which the good man dismissed the flock, was universally received with streaming eyes and hearts overflowing with tenderness and gratitude.

The Females in Hayti, are forming themselves into Societies for the assistance of such colored people in this country as are disposed to emigrate to their island.

Friend 'PUPILS,' urge dear 'CAYA's' Muse, Her sweet lays more frequent to diffuse.—P.

MISSIONARY.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Missionary brethren, who were sent to explore Owhyhee, having returned and made a favorable report, every thing was in readiness for proceeding to the business of distributing the brethren among the islands, and for providing for the due distribution, also, of the means of support, from the common stock of the mission. Accordingly the brethren assembled on the 8th of September, of the last year, and, preparatory to business, repeatedly joined in prayer for the divine guidance.

To determine upon the stations, to which each of the brethren should be assigned, might not be a difficult matter; but it could be no easy task to devise an equitable plan for distributing a scanty support, from one common stock, to twelve families, in different circumstances, situate at 5 stations, some at least 70 miles apart, and each possessing advantages and disadvantages peculiar to itself.

The Missionaries at these islands have no fixed salaries. A part of their support is derived from small pieces of land, or small flocks of goats; a part is made up of small, but frequent presents from the natives; a part comes from the precious donations of foreigners, who touch at the islands; a part from private friends in America; a part from private possessions of the Missionaries themselves; a part from their earnings; but the main part directly from the funds of the Board.

Supplies from all these sources, excepting articles which are given as mere tokens of personal regard, are considered as a common stock, which is placed, by the brethren, under the care of a general agent, who divides to each station according to the best of his judgment. And in order that he may do this to good advantage, each station is expected to transmit to him a quarterly account of the state of its supplies, of its wants, and its prospects.

The brethren voted to form, without delay, two stations on the island of Owhyhee—one at *Kiruah* on the western side; and the other at *Waiakea*, in the district of *Hido*, on the eastern side. The former was once occupied, for a short time, by Mr. Thurston.

Kiruah is deemed at present most important, on account of its influence over the whole island, it being the residence of the governor, and on account of the ready access which it will allow a Missionary to have to 12,000 or even 20,000 inhabitants in its immediate neighborhood. *Waiakea* is also deemed highly important, as having a fertile soil well watered, a commodious harbor, and a good population within reach of a missionary station there. The chiefs and people all agree in saying of that place, *Hido aina maitai*, "Hido is a good land."

[The following assignment of stations was made at this time:] viz.

Owhyhee.—*Kiruah*.—Rev. Asa Thurston, and Mr. Joseph Goodrich. Mr. G. is a licensed preacher. Dr. Blatchley will reside here chiefly for the first year.

Waiakea.—Rev. Artemas Bishop, and Mr. Samuel Ruggles.

Woaahoo.—*Honoruru*.—Rev'd. Hiram Bingham, and Rev. William Ellis, Mr. Elisha Loomis, Printer. Mr. Levi Chamberlain, superintendant of Secular Concerns.

Atoot.—*Winaah*.—Mr. Samuel Whitney, and Mr. James Ely, Licensed Preachers.

Mowee.—*Lahianah*.—Rev'd. William Richards, and Rev. Charles S. Stewart.

[The journal, from which the above brief notices are taken, is brought down to the first of October, of last year.]

Herald.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Bishop, dated January.

The nation is beginning to feel the salutary influence of the Gospel, and its rulers are in a measure, becoming our patrons. Churches are erecting in different places, and pressing requests are made to us for laborers, which we are not able to afford.

Aided by the vocabularies and the personal services of my brethren, I have been enabled to commence preaching to this people in their own language. On the last Sabbath, I delivered my sixth sermon, tho' it is with a stammering tongue that I speak.

[Twelve pages of an edition of Owhyhee Hymns, prepared by Messrs. Ellis and Bingham, have been sent to us. The work will contain about sixty pages, and it is intended to print 2,000 copies, so great is likely to be the demand.]

[Applications are daily making by numbers of the natives, for copies of the spelling book, of which an edition was printed

some time since.—Nearly, 2,500 copies have been distributed. Another edition will be printed speedily. With respect to these books, Mr. Bingham remarks—

Many of the people who beg for books, we are obliged to deny. About 70 have applied during the last three days, and we have given out about two copies to each five persons.

One young man asked me for a book yesterday, and I inquired of him who his teacher was? He replied, "My desire to learn; my ear to hear, my eye to see, my hands to handle; for, from the sole of my foot to the crown of my head, I love the *palapala*."—i.e. learning.

Another said, "all the people would learn, if they could get books." Many have applied for the hymns long before the first sheet could be printed.

Some of the chiefs and others are beginning successfully to acquire the art of arithmetic. The book, pen, and pencil, are succeeding cards, and other amusements of the people.

Drunkenness is discountenanced by the highest chiefs, and labor and sport on the Sabbath prohibited to some extent. *Krimaku* and *John Adams* are among the foremost patrons of our cause. *Tamoree* and *Kaahumanu* are particularly favorable. At the four principal islands the work goes on without interruption.

[From Atooi, Mr. Whitney sends interesting intelligence, in a letter to the Corresponding Secretary, dated also in January.]

The chiefs, at their own expense, have built up a very convenient house for public worship, in which I have preached regularly, in the vernacular tongue, for 8 months past, twice every Sabbath, and occasionally on other days. Our meetings are generally well attended, and many of the people are desirous of becoming acquainted with the Gospel. Under our immediate inspection, we have two flourishing schools of about one hundred and twenty scholars. There are other schools, in different parts of the island. Many more are anxious to learn; but for want of books and teachers, they must, for the present be denied that privilege. Orders have lately been given out for all the people, without exception, on this and the neighboring island Oneehow, to observe the Sabbath as a holy time, devoted to the service of the Lord Jehovah: strictly forbidding any play, or work, or even the kindling of a fire on that sacred day. Drunkenness is prohibited; and infanticide, which heretofore has been practiced to no inconsiderable extent, is now punishable with death. [Herald.]

PALESTINE.

Extract from Mr. Wolf's Journal.

JUNE 21, 1823.—At Jerusalem there lived lately a Jew from Poland, who got his livelihood by making and repairing watches. Peter V., a Franciscan friar, a German by birth, who is the only one at Jerusalem who understands any thing of medicine, called often on the poor Jewish watchmaker, who mended his watch without taking any reward for it. One day Peter V. called on the watchmaker with a watch, which was very much disordered, and which did not belong to himself, but to another friar of the convent. The Jewish watchmaker said to him, "I am ready to repair your watch gratis, but I cannot repair gratis the watches of every friar, and especially this watch, which is so much disordered!" The friar Peter V. was displeased, and called no more on the Jewish watchmaker. This week the Jewish watchmaker became seriously unwell, being taken with a fever. The principal rabbies desired Peter V. to call on the watchmaker, and to give him some physic; but in vain. I heard of it, and called myself on Peter V., and said to him that he ought to go to the sick watchmaker, as a Christian, and as a Priest of Jesus Christ, who knows by the Gospel, that Christ commands us to pardon our debtors. "No," said the friar, "the Jew has offended me; he did not repair the watch."

I. Christ pardons our offences.

Peter V. I know my duty.

The poor watchmaker died last night, and was to-day carried to the grave. His brethren accompanied the body. He is lamented by every one who knew him, on account of his quiet disposition: and his wife is now a widow.—Behold the conduct of a Catholic Priest, who lives in the convent, which is situated upon Mount Calvary! And that very Priest often spends several nights in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, kneeling near the tomb of Christ, who prayed on the cross for his murderers!

who prayed on the cross for his murderers! saying, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

JUNE 25. I wrote to Peter V., the Franciscan friar, who refused to go to the dying Jew, the following letter:

"REVEREND SIR.—The Jew to whom you refused your assistance on his death bed, is departed from this life. I gave you to-day notice of it, as you told me that you were just going to Church; I thought then to remind you of it, in order that you might exclaim with particular devotion, more than ever, "Kyrie Eleison!" "Lord have mercy upon me!" for you have acted wrong, as a Christian and as a Priest!—And I do not know with what conscience you can pray, "Dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris."

It is true, that you have been offended by the poor Jewish watchmaker; but you pretend to believe in a crucified Saviour, who prayed even on the cross, for his murderers, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" And you have much reason to fear, that the Lord shall one day say unto you, "O, thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me; shouldest not thou, also have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even, as I had pity on thee?" And the Lord shall be wroth, and deliver you to the tormentors. You have, besides this, given very great scandal to the Jews; they will now say, and have said already, "Thus act the ministers of Christ!" I am not angry with you; but my love towards you, and my Saviour, dictates to me to write to you these lines, and with high regard I am, Rev. Pater, Your humble servant,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

the highest advantages for the study Bible which our country affords, will long consent to receive as pupils those who are unacquainted with the Hebrew alphabet, but will impose such requisitions for admission, as may save some months of precious time which is now consumed in learning what ought to have been learned before, and such too, as shall serve in some degree to arouse the slumbering energies of our Colleges. *New York Spectator.*

Interesting account from a Superintendent.

I was (says he,) one Sunday afternoon about to close the School in which I was engaged, when a well dressed genteel person, who presented himself as a visitor, requested me to allow him (if it would not be deemed an intrusion) to speak to the children; this being readily granted, he addressed them nearly to the following effect:

"There was once a poor lad, who was noted even among his sinful companions for his wickedness, but especially for his swearing and Sabbath-breaking. He, along with some others, resolved one Sunday to follow and pelt some steady boys who were going to their School. However it so happened, that the lads on being attacked took to their heels; this lad followed them to the very door of the school, which when opened, (they were singing) such a sound came from the place, as seemed to stun him. He wondered what they could be doing in the inside; and a teacher at that moment admitting the other boys, invited him in. A new scene now opened itself upon him, near 300 boys seated with their teachers, they all appeared so neat and clean, and in such order, he wished he was "one." He stood some time a spectacle for the whole school,—dirty and ragged, with his wooden clogs on, which, whenever he stirred, made him the object of attention, to his great shame and mortification. After some consultation, he being a stout good looking lad, it was resolved to admit him, and he was put into the ABC class, though it was found he was not fit even for this place. Every thing was new to him. The next Sunday he appeared; his hair was combed, his face was washed, but his clogs remained to mortify him; his particular case was taken into consideration, and a pair of shoes was given him. He now found himself so much behind the other boys, that he resolved to strain every nerve to get up to them. This determination was the means of his raising to the first class when his conduct being so much approved of, he was chosen a Teacher. He now felt that he had something more to do than teach,—he had a soul to save; in a little time he was enabled after much prayer, to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and to rejoice in His salvation. The Lord then called him to preach these "glad tidings," and happening some time after to preach within 26 miles of his old much loved school, he rode hard after his morning's labor, and reached the place just in time to see the poor lads in his own, very own school; and here he is now speaking to you!"

"The scene now became truly affecting; he burst into tears, as did several others around him, at last he sobbed out—Oh! my dear lads, be in right good earnest to make the most of your very great Sunday School privileges; I have kept you too long—God bless you all!" He then concluded with a most affectionate prayer.

A writer in the last Columbian Star, writes from Lexington, (Ky.) of the 8th Sept. that 117 have been baptized on the south of the river there, and on the north side 81, total 198. And under date of Sept. 13th, it is stated that 7 more were baptized at Flat Creek and in Cedar Creek.—At Mantapike, on the Mantapoy river, in Virginia, 16 young persons were lately baptized by immersion.—A letter dated Windsor, (N. C.) Aug. 17, says, "We here see young men and women, and even boys and girls, snatched as brands from the fire.—Every Sunday there are more or less baptized. Last Sunday 40 submitted to that ordinance, and yesterday 7 were immersed according to the practice of Christians in the apostolic day. Up to this date 410 have been received and baptized.—23d. Sept. at three places 55 were baptized yesterday."

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THE CHURCH OF ROME.

The New-York Telescope, in publishing an extract from "Benedict's History of all Religions," states, that "the Church of Rome now holds dominion over more than one half of Christendom, having in its connection more than one hundred and eighty millions of members, and yet it resembles a carcass without life, or the dry bones of Ezekiel."

The *Wilmin* This *S* THURSD six o'clock *ture Room* to open the Oct. 20 *Bi* This *S* Tuesday with pray *Rev. A. K.* meeting a number of *considera* deavor to *ings, inclu* The *So* the *Ladi* nished by *London, a* express a *received* the *death* of his *survive m* his *system* *Bulletin* *Sept. 9 o* "King's *whole of* *trem* *ing; his* *regular* "King's *he* and other *and it was* *put up in* *PROG* *The Re* of the *Ro* *Philadel* *ter to Me* *others, p* *mentions* *letter by t* *gan's lett* *In the* *acknowle* *interfere* *ligious co* *his last co* *St. Mary'* *frontier to* *ternatus to* *be per* *that of wh* *induced to* *to remain* *the cle* *unnatural* *gentleman* *by lately t* *The holi* *both kind* *unless in* *some gre* *general a* *considered a* *avance, a* *use of rel* *cles of mo* *7th day, No* *soon as yo* *Church,* *which I p* *become y* *rating ent* *one for yo* *dollars an* *time as th* *The 1* *nah of the* *ous accou* *ed by the* *in that no* *stated to* *party in*

THE CIRCULAR.

WILMINGTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22.

BIBLE SOCIETY.

The DIRECTORS of the Delaware Bible Society, are requested to attend a Special Meeting on MONDAY, the first of NOVEMBER next, at the School Room adjoining the 2d Presbyterian Church. Punctual attendance is desirable, as several offices are to be filled, and other important business to be transacted.

By Order,

R. PORTER, Sec'y.

Oct. 18, 1824.

Wilmington Union Colonization Society.

This Society holds its Anniversary Meeting on THURSDAY, the 4th of NOVEMBER next, at six o'clock in the Evening, at the Episcopal Lecture Room. The Rev. R. Williston is appointed to open the meeting by an Address.

J. A. SPARKS, Sec'y.

Oct. 20, 1824.

BIBLE SOCIETY OF DELAWARE.

This Society held its Anniversary Meeting on Tuesday last, at St. George's Church—opened with prayer and an appropriate sermon by the Rev. A. K. RUSSELL, from Rom. iii, 1, 2. The meeting was respectably large, and attentive. A number of new members were obtained; and a considerable zeal was apparent. We will endeavor to furnish our readers with the proceedings, including the "Annual Report," in our next.

The Society were under great obligations to the Ladies, for the excellent cold collation furnished by them.

THE KING OF FRANCE.—Accounts from London, as late as the 14th ult. in the evening, express a doubt as to the correctness of the rumor received there in the former part of that day, of the death of Louis XVIII; but add, that the state of his health was such, that he could not possibly survive many days, if he was not already dead—his system being in a state of mortification. A Bulletin of the King's health, dated the 12th Sept. 9 o'clock in the evening, mentions that the "King's fever has been constantly increasing the whole of the day; his extremities have been extremely cold; weakness followed, as well as fainting; his pulse has been constantly weak and irregular."—In consequence of the state of the King's health, it was expected that the theatres and other places of amusement would be closed, and it was ordered that public prayers should be put up in all the churches.

PROGRESS OF LIBERAL SENTIMENTS.

The Rev. WILLIAM HOGAN, formerly pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary's, in Philadelphia, on the 11th instant addressed a letter to Messrs. John Dempsey, P. McClean and others, pew-holders in said Church, in which he mentions having read with much satisfaction a letter by them addressed to him. From Mr. Hogan's letter we make the following extract:

"In the first place (says Mr. Hogan) I wish to acknowledge no right on the part of the Pope, to interfere directly or indirectly in the civil or religious concerns of this country, which in one of his last communications to the former Trustees of St. Mary's Church, he had the unparalleled effrontery to style his AMERICAN COLONIES: (risum terribus.) 2dly, I wish the service of our Church to be performed in the English language, or in that of whatever country our creed may be introduced into: this to be done as soon as we can have a correct translation printed; the service to remain as it is until then. 3dly, The celibacy of the clergy should be abolished, as a restriction unnatural, unlawful and unscriptural. [The Rev. gentleman proved the sincerity of his assertion by lately taking unto himself an help-mate.] 4thly, The holy communion should be administered in both kinds, and not oftener than once a month, unless in cases of sickness or the intervention of some great festival. 5thly, The doctrines of general and particular *indulgences* should be considered as the offspring of Papal and monastic avarice, and rejected in all its forms. 6thly, The use of relics, scapulars, beads and all such articles of monastic traffic, should be discontinued. 7thly, No monies should be received for mass for the dead, blessed candles, holy water, &c. If, as soon as you can repose yourselves of St. Mary's Church, you adopt these rules of discipline, which I propose to you, I shall feel it a duty to become your pastor; or should you prefer separating entirely from that church, and building one for yourselves, I will subscribe two thousand dollars and give my services gratis, until such time as the church can afford me a salary."

The Hurricane.—Accounts from Savannah of the 25th of Sept. confirm the previous accounts of the dreadful havoc occasioned by the storm, at Darien, and elsewhere in that neighborhood. The loss of lives is stated to be fearfully great, and that of property immense.

The London papers of the 14th ultimo state that Lewis the 18th King of France, is dead. He will be succeeded by his brother, the Count d'Artois, under the title of Charles X.

The Lord Chancellor of England has decided against the right of publishing the private letters of Lord Byron.

The N. York Daily Advertiser contains the following item of news from Spain:

The insurrection at Tarifa has been quelled by the French and Royalists—Most of the garrison at that place have been shot—40 were shot one morning, on the Spanish lines, and many more in other places.

Awful!—The London Globe of the 21st of Aug. gives the particulars of the execution, at Garrickfergus, of Esther Loughbridge, aged 75, and her son aged 28, for poisoning the wife of the son.

The Yellow Fever continues to spread desolation through the city of New Orleans. On the 10th ult. 17 persons died of that malignant disease—on the 11th and 12th 22 died—on the 15th 15—on the 14th 9.—In Charleston, S. C. the Yellow Fever raged to an alarming degree, for some time past; but is stated now to be decreasing in its violence.

Extraordinary Communication.—The last Courtland, N. Y. Repository contained a notification to the inhabitants, that the Rev. Mr. ——, a man of color, would preach in the Methodist Chapel, in Courtland Village, on the 1st Sabbath in Oct. at 1 o'clock, P. M. and take a collection to aid him in purchasing his liberty.

"He brings with him" says the Repository, "letters the most satisfactory, to allay any suspicions of imposition; and the public may rest assured, that all donations bestowed upon him, will be religiously devoted to the above purpose."

Slave Trade.—It is stated that in the month of June and July several vessels arrived at Rio de Janeiro with more than 3,000 slaves from the coast of Africa. In April the schooner La Louise, Capt. Armond, arrived at Guadaloupe with two hundred negroes. This vessel left the coast of Africa with a cargo of two hundred and seventy-five, but not having sufficient room for so large a number, the surplus were thrown alive into the sea by the captain.

Rel. Intel.

It is proposed to render the lands in New-Jersey, now covered with salt water, productive to the state by planting them with oysters. Companies are to be formed to take leases of lots, containing not less than 1000 acres each, to be chartered for 30 years. Six companies are already formed, ready to apply to the Legislature for charters, at the rate of \$3000 per year, for each lot.—This is, indeed, a new species of agricultural speculation.

There are at present, said Dr. Bogue, in a speech before the London Missionary Society, thirty Christian Divines in the South Sea Islands, who are teaching their countrymen the gospel of Jesus Christ—There are two among the Chinese, and one in India.

SMUT IN WHEAT.

The last number of the American Farmer contains a valuable communication from John P. Wilson, Esq. of Cumberland county, Va. on the efficacy of blue vitriol in preventing the smut in wheat. The remedy was discovered a few years since in Switzerland, and has been extensively used in that country, and in Flanders & France, and has been recently introduced in England. In every experiment, as far as the result is known, it has proved entirely efficacious. Mr. Wilson's method of applying it to the wheat, was this. After dissolving five pounds of the blue vitriol in hot water he added as much cold water as would cover four bushels of wheat. The grain was then poured slowly in, (it ought to be done through a riddle) and all the light grains, which the great specific gravity of the solution caused to rise to the surface, were skinned off; and after remaining from four to six hours, the wheat was taken out, rolled in plaster, and sown immediately. The crop in every instance, where the vitriol was used, was entirely free from smut, was of a more vigorous growth, of a more uniform height, and superior in the quality of the grain, to that where the seed was not thus prepared.—This is not an expensive remedy. The vitriol cost Mr. W. twenty cents per pound and this was sufficient for three bushels. The stock of wheat when once thoroughly cleansed, will not require the application of it again for many years.

MISSIONARY.

Extract of a letter from Rev. Mr. Bird, to a gentleman in New Haven.

CITY OF JERUSALEM, April 9, 1824.

We thank you for your letters and for the kind efforts you and the others have made in procuring the articles in the box. Some account of the efforts making for the children of your city was read with peculiar pleasure. If it please God, we may have to tell you at some future time what we are doing for the children in Syria and Palestine. Such schools are loudly called for in this country. There is no lack of Priests and houses of worship, and no deficiency in attention to the common religious ceremonies of the Church, but a deplorable want of knowledge. The common feeling among the Roman Catholics, is, as they openly declare, that "nothing more is necessary among the people than the knowledge of the catechism—to read the Bible would do them no good;" and we fear this sentiment is considerably prevalent in the other classes of Christians. The consequences are what you might expect. Children, and men too, who have ever been accustomed from their earliest age to a strict attendance on public worship, are yet ignorant of some of the most familiar facts in Scripture history. I asked a man to-day (a papist of 40 years) who was the first man? After some pause for reflection, he said, "Noah." At a closing interview in Malta, with one of our Italian Masters, he was inquiring about Jerusalem and the Sepulchre of our Saviour. "Do they find," said he "his bones still remaining in the sepulchre?" After asking a few questions to know whether he really meant what he said, I asked him if it was not generally supposed that our Saviour's body was raised to life and ascended to heaven? He thought it might be so. I just now inquired of a couple of lads, what was the name of the man whom God first made? A youth of 20, or older, whom we employ in our kitchen, seeing them unable to answer, replied to them, "Jesus Christ; do you not know Jesus Christ?" When people attend church here, it seems a very small part of their object to understand any thing they hear. The language of their books in the first place is unintelligible to most of the common people, and if any one in the congregation chances to understand the language, the Priest, as if determined that he shall not be benefitted by the circumstance, reads in the utmost hurry and indistinctness. Respecting preaching, I have as yet, heard of but one man who has publicly done any thing like it in Jerusalem. He has preached in bad Arabic three or four times in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and we are soon to have other sermons in other languages, as the "holy week" approaches. But as to apostolic preaching, we may say, it is entirely unknown here. Our work of instruction and distributing the Scriptures, receives little direct encouragement from any of the several communions; but the papists especially, do all in their power to oppose us. One of their people came for a few days to read Arabic with me as an instructor, but was frightened away by the threats of the Priests. The same happened to a youth who began reading Italian with our Dragoman. A man very high in authority among them, lately broke out in a rage against us, on receiving a visit from Mr. King at Jaffa. "You have come hither," said he, "to make disturbance among the people, and ought to be put down." The French Consul at Sidon (he told the Consul at Jaffa) had written against us to Constantinople, and told him to write again. "It is in my power," said he "to send these men out of the country." This same man was then on his way to Jerusalem from Bairout, where he had conversed in a familiar and friendly manner with Mr. Abbott, the English Consul, respecting us, and respecting some special unchristian treatment we had lately received from his people in this city. He even consented to correspond with Mr. A. as a confidential friend, and professed much regret at the unprincipled system of action on which he saw many of his people proceeding. We have no doubt efforts will be perseveringly made by this class of men to defeat the object of our Mission—but we have the satisfaction of seeing the English Consul as cordially our friend as the French our enemy, and of believing that the English name is as respected as the other at the Ottoman Court. But aside from this, we have a foundation on which to rest our hope for protection, which I fear our enemies have not. If our work is indeed that of the Lord, they that be for us, we know are more than they that be against us. Continue to think for us, and pray for us, and write to us; you know not how

much it will comfort and strengthen us. Yours in much affection. ISAAC BIRD.

Extract of a letter from Rev. Mr. Bird to Professor Dutton.

Jerusalem. April 7, 1824.

What pretenses the government may find, by do and by, to send us out of the country we do not know, but so long as we may stay, there is abundant work to be done. There is nothing to prevent our access to all the pilgrims and christian population in Jerusalem, except those under Popish influence. The number of pilgrims this year, is much smaller than usual. Of the Greeks and Latins there are almost none. The Armenians may amount to 5 or 6 hundred. These last have shown an unexpected readiness to receive the Scriptures, and as we cannot speak their language, it has been only by means of introducing the Scriptures among them that we have attempted to benefit them. They have bought a few hundred New-Testaments in their ancient language, and if we had many more in Turkish, with Armenian characters, I suppose we might have disposed of them to the best account. The Ancient Armenian differs from the spoken language, as the Ancient Greek from the modern.—The Armenians also speak the Turkish, but very few the Arabic.

AMERICAN MELIORATING SOCIETY.

It is expected that the Board will soon come to a definite determination as to the most eligible tract of land for the Jewish settlement so long contemplated.

An agency to Europe is proposed—1. To make known to the Jews the nature, character and design of the Institution, and encourage emigration. 2. To make Christians in Europe acquainted with the plans and resources of the Society, and induce their co-operation. 3. To ascertain the views of European Jews in relation to the Society, for the information of the Board, and the future regulation of its proceedings. 4. To ascertain the number, character and circumstances of the Jews who are now ready and willing to come to America, and to take precautions against the danger of imposition from any who may hereafter desire to come. 5. To solicit donations in money and books, and to form co-operating Societies. It is yet uncertain how this proposal will be decided upon.

Married,

On Thursday evening, the 14th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Gilbert, THOMAS J. BOYD, Surgeon of the U. S. Navy, to the amiable Miss MARY ANN second daughter of the late George Monroe, M. D. of this Borough.

At Lancaster, Pa. Mr. GUNNING BEDFORD, Editor of the Lancaster Intelligencer, to the amiable Miss ANN ELIZA DICKSON—both of that city. At Catskill, N. Y. EDWIN CROSWELL, Esq. Editor of the Albany Argus, to Miss CATHARINE, daughter of John Adams, Esq. At Woodstock, Vermont, Mr. DANIEL GETZ, aged 65, to Miss ANN FRYMAN, aged 15. The son of the groom had previously married the bride's sister.

Died,

On Sunday evening, the 26th ult. at the residence of Mr. John Higgins, near St. Georges, Del. BENJAMIN RAYMOND, Esq. Assistant Engineer of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, late from St. Lawrence county, N. Y.

In Fredonia, N. Y. on the 6th July last, in the 90th year of his age, the Reverend EBENEZER SMITH. He preached the Gospel 70 years; has been an ordained Elder in the Baptist order upwards of 62 years; preached 7 of the U. States. He had been called upon, in the course of his life, to defend the liberties of the Baptists in the state of Massachusetts, to plead their cause before the General Court in Boston, before a Justice of the Peace, before the Court of Common Pleas, and before the Supreme Court—He was favored to his last, with the clear use of his reason and understanding.

Under date of March last, he writes as follows: "Two persons, who heard me preach my first sermon in Nov. 1753, were present to hear my last sermon in Nov. 1823, which completed 70 years of my ministry."—This is the more remarkable, from the fact, that the places at which the sermons were preached, are 500 miles distant from each other.

Extract of a letter from Georgetown, Delaware, dated Oct. 8.

DR. DERICKSON, of Laurel, died yesterday, in consequence of his shooting himself on Friday last, a little below his right ear.—Del. Gazette.

Just Received
AND FOR SALE HERE,
The Christian Almanac for

1825.

To those acquainted with this publication, we need say nothing commendatory. For the information of others, especially Christians, we notice that it contains all the information common to Almanacs, in addition to a large body of Missionary and other profitable matter.

Poet's Corner.

"To awake the soul by tender strokes of art....
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

From the Boston Recorder.

NIGHT WATCHING.

BY PERCIVAL.

"She sat beside her lover, and her hand Rested upon his clay-cold forehead. Death Was calmly stealing o'er him, and his life Went out by silent flickerings, when his eye Woke up from its dire lethargy, and cast Bright looks of fondness on her. He was weak, Too weak to utter all his heart. His eye Was now his only language, and it spake How much he felt her kindness, and the love That sat, when all had fled, beside him. Night Was far upon its watches, and the voice Of nature had no sound. The pure blue sky Was fair and lovely, and the many stars Looked down in tranquil beauty on an earth That smiled in sweetest summer. She looked out Through the raised window, and the sheeted bay Lay in quiet sleep below, and shone With the pale beams of midnight—air was still, And the white sail, that o'er the distant stream Moved so slow a-pace, it seemed at rest, Fixed in the glassy water, and with care Shunned the dark den of pestilence, and stole Fearfully from the tainted gale that breathed Softly along the crisping wave—that sail Hung loosely on its yard, and as it flapped, Caught moving undulations from the light, That silently came down, and gave the hulls, And spires, and walls, and roofs, a tint so pale, Death seemed on all the landscape—but so still, Who would have thought that any thing but peace And beauty had a dwelling there! The world Had gone, and life was not within those walls, Only a few, who lingered faintly on, Waiting the moment of departure; or Sat tending at their pillows, with a love So strong it mastered fear—and they were few, And she was one—and in a lonely house, Far from all sight and sound of living thing, She watched the couch of him she loved, & drew Contagion from the lips that were to her Still beautiful as roses, though so pale They seemed like a thin snow-curl. All was still, And even so deeply hushed, the low, faint breath That trembling gasp'd away, came thro' the night As a loud sound of awe. She passed her hand Over those quivering lips, that ever grew Paler and colder, as the only sign To tell her life still lingered—it went out! And her heart sunk within her, when the last Weak sigh of life was over, and the room Seemed like vaulted sepulchre, so lone She dared not look around: and the light wind, That play'd among the leaves & flowers that grew Still freshly at her window, and waved back The curtain with a rustling sound, to her, In her intense abstraction, seemed the voice Of a departed spirit. Then she heard, At least in fancy, heard, a whisper breathe Close to her ear, and tell her all was done, And her fond loves were ended. She had watch'd Until her love grew manly, and she checked The tears that came to flow, and nerv'd her heart To the last solemn duty. With a hand That trembled not, she closed the fallen lid, And pressed the lips, & gave them one long kiss; Then decently spread over all a shroud; And sitting with a look of lingering love Intense in tearless passion, rose at length, And pressing both her hands upon her brow, Gave loose to all her gushing grief in showers, Which, as a fountain sealed till it had swelled To its last fulness, now gave way and flowed In a deep stream of sorrow. She grew calm, And parting back the curtains, looked abroad Upon the moonlight loveliness, all sunk In one unbroken silence, save the moan From the lone room of death, or the dull sound Of the slow moving hearse. The homes of men Were now all desolate, and darkness there, And solitude and silence took their seat In the deserted streets, as if the wing Of a destroying angel had gone by, And blasted all existence, and had changed The gay, the busy, and the crowded mart To one cold, speechless city of the dead!"

From the Boston Recorder.

"The scene is closed"—Oh, has that spirit fled Has all that sparkled in the eye, that bloomed Upon the cheek, that smiled so lovely—died? Ah, fled and left that dwelling desolate! That eye once beamed and wept alternately With all a father's tenderness; its beam Was a reflection like the moon's soothings, And from a warm and living fountain, and Its tear was like the dew of Heaven; it blessed The rosy cheek on which it fell—for though It was a *tear*, it was not bitter—though It was a *tear*, it was a gem—it glowed In reflections of a fire that burnt Within a father's bosom—it was love That fed the flame—and hope that fann'd it. His Was the weeping of despair—his tears Shone as they fell, like showers of evening Gilded with the bow of promise. But yet He wept—he was a father, and he thought How soon the rose might wither, how it bloomed Perhaps for nothing but to die. (This should Have taught him not to love too much.) He gaz'd Upon his son, he saw, or thought he saw The dawning of young genius, and he marked Each gesture, listened to each accent, watched The eye, in all its wanderings—and he loved; But ah! this was not all, for as he gazed Upon his son sprightly, and ere a son Had robbed his features of their innocence He loved, and would have worshipp'd—but a hand Unseen, removed his spirit, ere it bowed Before an idiot; and the eye which gazed Upon the tempting object—ere too late—He shrouded in the darkness of the tomb.—S. H.

Friend, do not crouch to those above;
Friend, do not tread on those below:
Love those—they're worthy of thy love;
Love these, and thou wilt make them so.

SUMMARY.

GREAT STORM—& its effects.

The equinoctial storm has this season been unusually severe along our southern coast—the papers are filled with the most distressing details of its effects. We have only room to copy the following items from a Savannah paper of the 23d ultmo.

At J. Snow's (postmaster's) plantation, 7 miles from Darien, on the sea board, Miss Harrison, a sister of Mrs. Snow, her two little brothers, Mr. Rufus R. Merril, who was there on a visit, and all the house servants, except one, unfortunately perished.

The letter from which the above is taken, says, that the whole of Mr. Snow's family excepting himself and wife, had perished, and that the above names were among those who were lost. The family consisted of ten persons altogether; but whether they were all at Mr. Snow's country place or not, we have yet to learn.

Mrs. Lafon, a widow lady of Patterson Island, and the whole of her negroes, were swept away by the water, and drowned.

At Creighton Island, Mr. Thos. Miller, aged 17, son of Mr. John Miller of this city, and another Mr. Miller, employed on the plantation, were both killed by the fall of a dwelling house.—Two negroes are missing.

The negroes of Mr. James White, near Darien, were all lost but one.

The loss of *eighty-three lives*, has already been ascertained—fourteen of whom were white.

On St. Simon's Island, all the property is destroyed. But only one life as yet known to be lost. On Sapelo Island, Mr. Spadling lost all his out-buildings and crop, and one negro. The overseer's father, two sons and 4 or 5 negroes, perished.

In Darien, Mr. King's store under the Bluff, is blown down, and also two stores of Mr. G. Atkinson's, and one of H. T. Hall's besides a number of others, together with almost all the fences and trees in the city, and the place presents a most gloomy prospect.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Darien, dated 18th ult.

To attempt to describe the effects of the gale with us, would be undertaking a task which I am bold to say, no man can do justice to. I will not pretend to say any thing of it, further than that it has been with us, and has passed, desolating and making bare every thing in its passage. The damage to property is beyond calculation, the loss of lives immense—I suppose in our county not short of *one hundred persons have been destroyed*, some of the most heart-rending and melancholy cases—whole families separated and crushed amid the ruins of the buildings, or drowned in the water, thrown up from the sea. I look upon it as death to all our prospects. I do not know what is to become of the county."

Columbia, S. C. Sept. 25.—The effects of the late rain and gale mentioned in our paper of last week, have been more destructive than we had apprehended. From various quarters we have received accounts of the damage done to the crops on the margins of the rivers and creeks throughout the state, particularly the Broad, Congaree, Wateree, Saluda, Santee and Savannah rivers, all which have overflowed their banks to an unusual extent, and overwhelmed every thing in their course. The loss sustained by the Planters on the Congaree river is immense; that of Gen. Hampton is estimated at from \$35 to 40,000—that of Col. John Taylor at \$25,000—that of Col. David Myers \$15,000—that of Jesse P. Taylor \$15,000—and that of Mr. J. M. Howell \$8,000—and those of Col. H. P. Taylor, Col. W. Hampton, and Mr. Thomas Heath, have been proportionably great, but their amount we have not heard estimated.

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MORE SHIPWRECKS.—*The Southern papers continue to record new cases of shipwreck in the storm of the middle of September. The following are among the number:—*

The British brig Mary, Wooffendale, from Montego Bay, for St. John, N. B. with a cargo of rum and sugar, was rendered a complete wreck on the 14th. When 50 miles from land, the captain and crew formed a raft, and after being on it four days, during which time, a few cocoanuts served them for food, they landed at Amelia Island. The wreck is said to have been fallen in with, off St. Augustine bar.

The schooner Fly, captain Vandyne, of this port, was upset in a squall, off the highlands of St. Martin, on the 11th of August, all hands lost, except captain Vandyne and two seamen who were saved, but

the seamen both died of fatigue afterwards at Alvarado.

The British brig Ceres on her voyage from Honduras to London, was wrecked in the gale on the 14th ult.—all hands lost except James Mitchel, and Christian Anderson. The rest of the crew, consisting of the captain, mate, carpenter, two officers, and seven others, were swept from the wreck and drowned. The survivors remained eight days, without food or water, except raw salt pork, and what rain they could make out to catch; when they were picked up by the schooner Mars, on her passage from Jamaica to New York.

Miscellaneous.

From the Saturday Herald.

Letter from a married Lady to her Husband, while confined to her Death-Bed.

"Length of way—a wide ocean separates me from the dear object of my affections. Henry is now on the seas, and chiding the adverse winds that delay his passage to his home. He beholds in imagination the same Maria, shedding tears of joy at his return, as she did those of grief at his departure. He beholds the same group of happy children, contending with each other for the parental kiss. Say, my dear Henry, have I sketched the scene of our domestic endearments with colors too vivid, or does not your own heart assure you that I have fallen far short of the original? You remember how our little infant had just learned to lisp his father's name, and the joy that you expressed at your departure, when you should on your return hear him pronounce it full and distinctly. Be kind to these children, my dear Henry; they will, before your return, be rendered, so far as regards their mother, orphans. A consumption has so shattered a frame always delicate, that my physician has pronounced me beyond the reach of medicine. I have pined away by slow degrees, and when you recognize the tremulous characters in which this letter is written, you may well conceive what a poor, feeble, emaciated being now, for the last time, addresses the husband of her bosom. You may be astonished at my tranquility; but, Henry, I am convinced, that this dispensation of Divine Providence, severe as it is, is intended in mercy. With all that could delight me on earth, with a loving husband and lovely children, and affectionate friends, I was, Henry too happy.—Yes, I repeat it, too happy. I thought of earth and Henry alone—Heaven was a stranger to my heart. Occasionally I thought of death; but, seated in the bosom of so much happiness, the countenance of the king of terrors appeared dim and distant, and almost hid from my view by so many intervening roses.—Henry, I have awoken from this dream of delight, and on the margin of my grave, I call upon you to turn for consolation to that religion which has afforded me so much assistance on the bed of death. When you remember Maria, when you call to mind the memory of her who was once the partner of all your joys and all your sorrows, bear in mind her dying request, that you would think seriously on the momentous subject of your everlasting salvation. My heart and my flesh fail me; but I know that God is my portion for ever. O Henry, in comparison with such ravishing delights, even our matrimonial happiness seems as nothing."

Columbia, S. C. Sept. 25.—The effects of the late rain and gale mentioned in our paper of last week, have been more destructive than we had apprehended. From various quarters we have received accounts of the damage done to the crops on the margins of the rivers and creeks throughout the state, particularly the Broad, Congaree, Wateree, Saluda, Santee and Savannah rivers, all which have overflowed their banks to an unusual extent, and overwhelmed every thing in their course. The loss sustained by the Planters on the Congaree river is immense; that of Gen. Hampton is estimated at from \$35 to 40,000—that of Col. John Taylor at \$25,000—that of Col. David Myers \$15,000—that of Jesse P. Taylor \$15,000—and that of Mr. J. M. Howell \$8,000—and those of Col. H. P. Taylor, Col. W. Hampton, and Mr. Thomas Heath, have been proportionably great, but their amount we have not heard estimated.

"O dearest husband, I commit you to the care of that Being, whose presence assuages the pangs of death, and pours joy and sunshine on my grave. He will be merciful, Henry—in the present trying hour I have found him so. O watch over my dear children—guard their tender years from the seductions and allurements of the world—teach them to come to their Saviour as they come to the arms of a parent."

"Father of mercies, at this solemn hour I pray not for the health of children or of husband—I pray not for their worldly prosperity—I only pray that they may receive that consolation which Thou only canst impart."

Henry, who with great reluctance enclosed to a friend this extract from the letter written by a wife so beloved, thus continued his narrative:—"The letter did not reach me in season, and I returned home from an European voyage before I had the slightest intimation of its contents. I came within sight of my native village, and how cheerful did the spires of the temple, where myself and family worshipped, glitter to the beam of day. The bell summoned the little flock to attend the worship of our common Creator. My determination was to attend divine worship, and to meet my family in the house of God—my first interview I hoped would be in that hallowed

place. Our beloved pastor was already engaged in the solemn service of prayer, and I entered the door with a palpitating heart. I had already in imagination beheld the sparkling glances of my wife, and received the smiles of my little ones. I entered our family pew—it was empty! A shade of disappointment stole over my heart at that moment; but hope soon brightened it with beams—perhaps my wife and family had gone on a visit to their relations abroad, was so enlivened with this idea, that I did not rightly interpret the melancholy glances of my friends and neighbors, directed to the pew in which I sat. After service, I was first saluted by a well-beloved friend, who by the melancholy depicted in his countenance, and the slow and solemn, but affectionate grasp of the hand, told me of once of my bereavement.

"At this distance of time, my dear sir, I can dwell on such painful recollections without violent emotion. I have not neglected her dying injunctions. My children, I humbly trust, are now all subjects of divine grace. The death of my Maria, I trust, has been consecrated to her husband also. Her beloved image is at this late day almost constantly before my eyes—it is mingled with all my devotional exercises. While on my knees before my Creator, I involuntarily indulge in the belief that the spirit of my sainted wife, Maria, such as she was in the day of her bridal beauty, is kneeling also by my side, and mingling her supplications with those of her husband. I do not like to boast of such feelings; they seem too hallowed, too sanctified for expression, and nothing but the powerful solicitations of friendship could have prompted me to such a disclosure.

"Indeed my dear friend, when I contemplate such subjects, I cannot doubt for a moment that the spirits of those whom on earth we loved, and who died full of faith and hope, are employed as ministering angels on embassies of mercy, to their surviving friends. I seem as if I beheld Maria adorned with robes of white, and with a countenance bright with heavenly love, still lingering by my side, and awaiting the hour when I also shall be ushered into the world of spirits. Is this illusion? If Dives in the infernal regions remembered his relations, may we not suppose that the blessed spirits have the same associations?"

From the Boston Telegraph.

THE STRANGER FROM HEAVEN.

A correspondent has sent us the following extract from the close of a sermon, on deliverance from the wrath to come.—Luke iii. 7.

Finally—this subject administers the most pungent reproof to the people of our beloved country, for their comparative ingratitude to Him, who consented to become incarnate, to deliver us from the bondage of iniquity. After forty years' absence, the *disinterested stranger* has returned, to witness the happiness of a nation, which his heroic mind helped to deliver from temporal bondage: and acclamations of joyous greeting, and shouts of grateful import, ring through the whole arch of freedom: and infant impotence, and hobbling age, and virgin beauty, and maiden gravity, come forth at midnight, to catch a sight and bless the name of the man who exposed his blood for our deliverance. But when Jesus, the Son of the blessed, the Saviour from sin, the *Disinterested Stranger* from Heaven, the deliverer from eternal death, passes by, as he emphatically does, every Sabbath, in the ordinances of his gospel; the same millions of our countrymen turn away their faces from him, and leave it to a few despised publicans and children to shout hosannas, and with cordial affection to cry, *Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!* If these things ought to be done for the man whom the people have delighted to honor, and this pulpit shall never witness against it, then tell me, redeemed sinner, is it justice, is it honor, is it gratitude, to leave the other undone?

A little man observed, that he had two negative qualifications; which were, that he never lay *long* in bed, nor wanted a *great* coat.

Wild mint strewed among grain, will protect it from mice.

To M. H. W.

*May happiness on all thy steps attend,
And, (join'd with calm content,) be thine, my friend—
Religion, soothing all thy cares below,
Tield thee that peace the good alone can know.*

*How happy, thus, in sweet "tranquility,"
Would be thy *distant* friend—to meet thee!
His pray's for thee; he often sends on high,
When to our God he humbly dares draw nigh,
Pouring out his heart in due humility.*